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"What Fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

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MARSE THEODORE.

"Way Down South in the Land of Cotton."

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN
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PUCK
No. 1494. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1905
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

IF DICKENS had heard of the McCurdy family, he might have changed the title to "Our Mutual Relatives."

LEONARD, whose forgery jarred Wall Street, called it a joke. The financiers regard his humor as sacrilegious.

THE TROUBLE with Al Adams was that he ran the wrong kind of a policy game. He also made a mistake in not having friends in Albany and Newburgh.

MR. GROUT holds that the health department undertakes too much. On the other hand, if it undertook too little there would be more work for the undertaker.

"ORDINARILY my experience has been that bears were not flurried when I suddenly came upon them."—*President Roosevelt.*

In which bears differ from government grafters.

AN UP-STATE clergyman points out that art is all wrong as regards angels. Angels are male, not female; you cannot find a woman angel in the Bible. Or, he might have added, in the theatrical business.

"INCREASED RESPONSIBILITY," was the reason given to Mr. Hughes for a raise of $50,000 to a certain insurance person's pay. From the policy holders standpoint, it was increased *ir*responsibility that prompted the boost.

JUDGE SMITH of Chicago says "there is no such thing as peaceful, polite and gentlemanly picketing." Perhaps if the Chicago unions introduced a pneumatic brick and a blackjack filled with excelsior, the Judge might relent a bit.

THE FOOTBALL TEAM of the Ohio State University has decided to take up Bible study as a physical relaxation and mental tonic. Lest they be imposed upon on the field, however, it will be just as well if the team reads *Mat. 5:39* as follows: "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, him shalt thou hold in a good grip; yelling the while lustily to the umpire, 'D'jer see him soak me?'"

MR. HUGHES' refusal to run for Mayor might very properly be called a declination of independence.

EX-MAYOR VAN WYCK, of ice trust fame, has expressed his righteous disapproval of insurance corruption. We have now only to hear from Bill Devery.

CHICAGO'S new ten-story police station is to have a wireless telegraph outfit. What an improvement on the old method of "tipping off" a raid!

INSURANCE MAGNATES use the word "blackmail" rather carelessly. The dictionary defines blackmail as "extortion of money by threats of accusation or exposure."

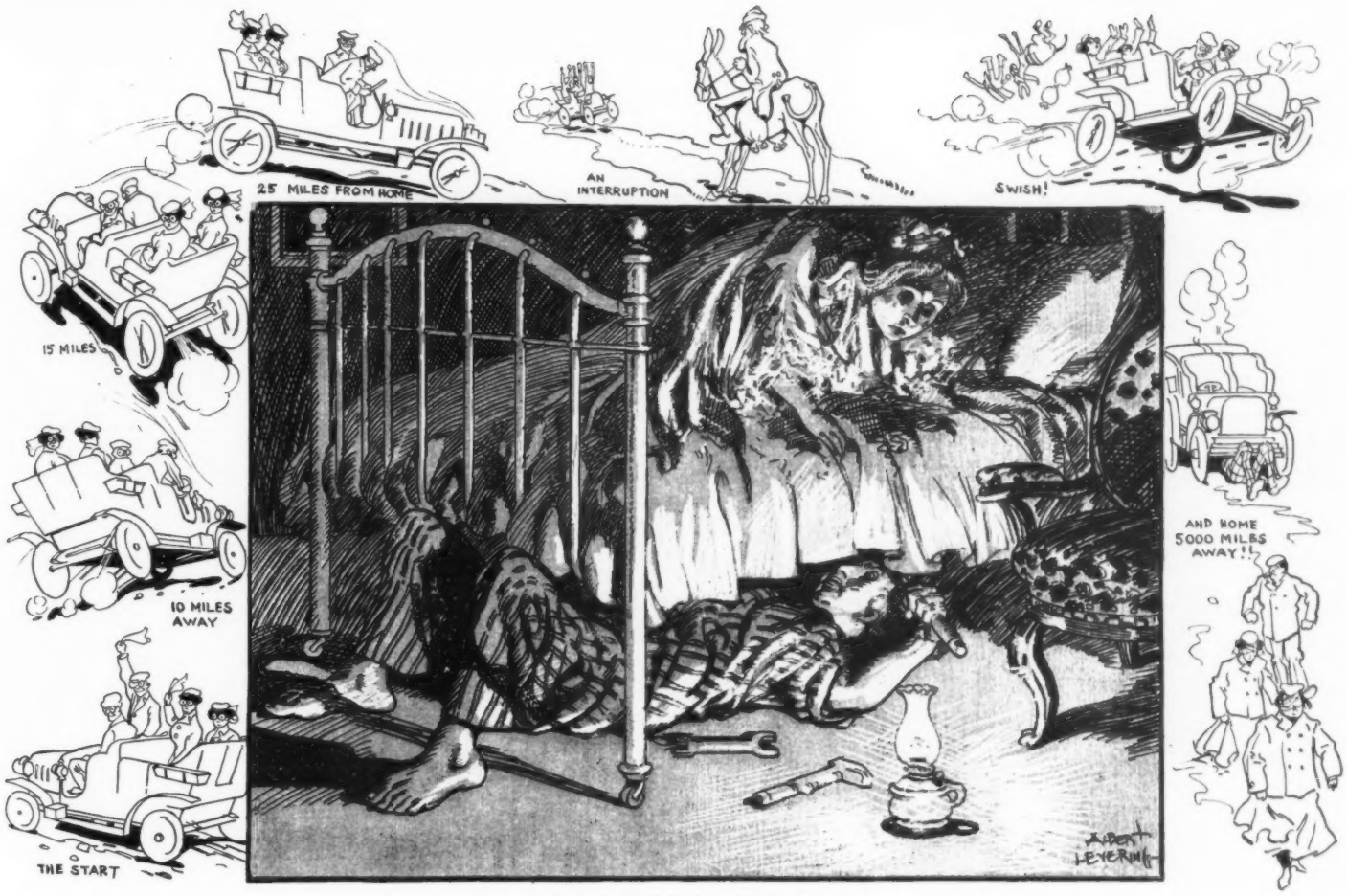
EVIDENTLY, nothing is too good for China, now that she has shown a knowledge of the boycott. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., is to teach in the Chinese Sunday School of Boston.

THE CANNERS who put up rotten ham, etc., in fancy boxes beautifully labeled might fitly employ the catch-line: "We could n't improve the contents, so we improved the box."

IT IS all right to build warships for Russia's new navy, but what the Cramps, or somebody in this country, ought to build is a fleet of submarine trawlers for the safety of the North Sea fishermen.

THE CRY of the stand-patriots, "Don't touch the Tariff while the country is prosperous," is again to be heard in the land. It is a vociferous cry, and the stand-patriot says it as if he meant it. The inference is of course that, in the stand-patriot's mind, the time to revise the Tariff is when the country, financially, is in a bad way. And yet, inasmuch as our prosperity is founded upon a high tariff—for this much has the stand-patriot admitted—how could he possibly consent to a revision of it when a return of prosperity was the nation's most pressing need?

A GOOD BAG.



THE NEW SOMNAMBULISM.

THE AUTO-SOMNAMBULIST.—Curse the luck! Miles from home, muddy road, night coming on, and the steering-gear busted!

LITTLE SUMS FOR POLICY HOLDERS.

THE tenth Vice-president of a big Insurance company buys one thousand shares of stock at 84. If the stock goes up ten points, how much will he win? If it goes down ten points, how much will *you* lose?

John has some money and swaps it for a deferred dividend policy. How much is John out?

A man insures his life for $25.000. He pays in premiums $750 a year. Compute his policy's cash-surrender value — to a syndicate of United States Senators.

If the assets of the Brazen Assurance Society are $165.767.419.43, how many hot-house violets will they buy, when violets are selling at $4.78 a bunch?

A New Yorker throws up a cent to see whether he 'll go to Monte Carlo for the winter or stay at home and take out a tontine policy. The policy winning, on what date does he commit suicide?

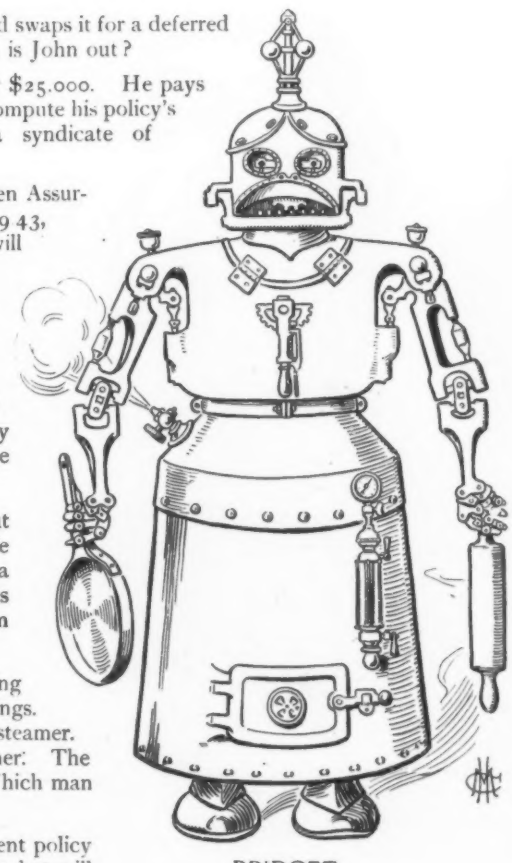
William and Ebenezer put every cent they can get into life insurance. Henry puts his in a stocking in the garret. Who is taken to a padded cell? William and Ebenezer, or Henry?

Three directors are coming back from Europe to explain things. The first returns on a five-day steamer. The second, on a tramp steamer. The third man falls overboard. Which man has the most foresight?

If a twenty year endowment policy costs three thousand dollars, what will be the cost of one first-class gold brick?

HIS LAST REQUEST.

THE BLASÉ ROOSTER *(to amateur poultry raiser)*.—Now, for heaven's sake, old man, make a good, clean job of it!



BRIDGET.

A. D. 2000.

The trusts, however, don't care who throws stones as long as they are not curb stones.

THE MODERN WOMEN'S COLLEGE.

(Extracts from the Catalogue.)

OUR Breakfast Table course is a decided advance in the education of women. Sunny dispositions and neat appearance are fostered, prizes being given to the pupils making the best averages. To keep up with the class a pupil must smile at least twice in three weeks. Cross, grouchy men are engaged to sit opposite each girl. This course is an invaluable preparation for the serious problems of real life.

The cooking class is in charge of Aunt Chloe Johnson, of Decatur, Ala. To quote Mrs. Johnson: "W'en Ah gits froo' wif dem young leddies, dey ain' no men folks gwine t' cuss dey-all cookin'."

Girls who consider themselves called to a career of reform are gently but firmly advised to forget it. If they persist in disregarding our efforts in their behalf, they are chloroformed.

We reveal to our students the world as it is; not as it should be. In this departure from accepted educational standards, we claim originality.

Men callers are subjected to a careful examination. If their conversation includes phrases such as this: "I care for the theatre, don't you?"; if they have the house-party habit or allude to one another as "chaps", we tactfully suggest a journey to the tall timbers. Football players, frat men and the rest of the "rah—rah" crowd are arrested on sight.

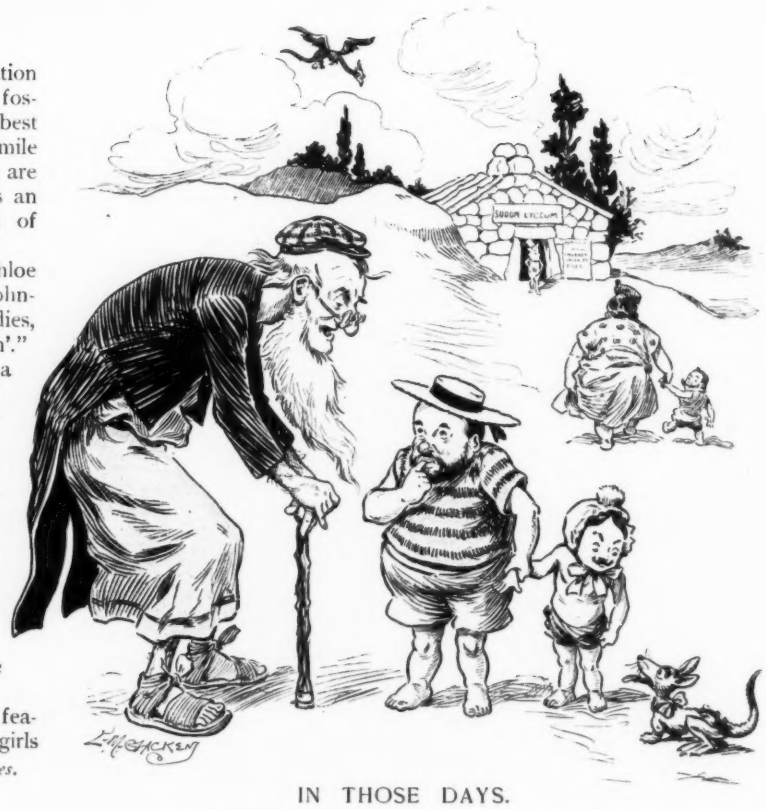
The chaplain is an old party who eats with his knife. This feature of our daily intercourse prevents homesickness among the girls from wealthy families.

Charles R. Barnes.

TOO SENSATIONAL.

DEACON WHITE.—I see dat Bishop Potteh sez dat a suhmon should not exceed twenty minutes in length.

REV. GABAWAY JOHNSING.—Huh! It 's gittin' teh be a reg'lah fad now'days among de high chu'ch dignatohies to lay demselves open teh chawges ob heresy!



IN THOSE DAYS.

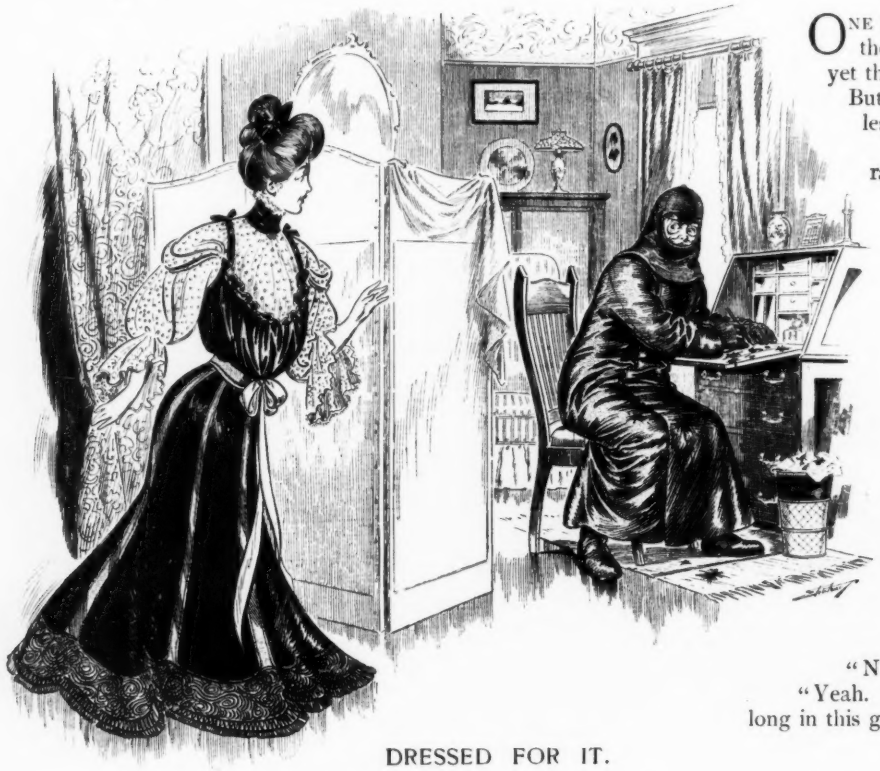
METHUSALEH.—What, my little man! Not going to school? Why not?

HIS LITTLE MAN.—Please, sir, 'cause I 've got to mind my brother. And anyhow, there 's lots of time; I 'm only fifty-five, sir.

STALE AND UNPROFITABLE.

ONE DAY a football player appeared in the class room, during the football season. The students were deeply shocked, yet they managed to preserve the outward forms of respect. But when, presently, it turned out that the fellow knew his lesson, there was none so poor to do him reverence.

"He 's gone stale!" was the sneering whisper which ran from lip to lip.



DRESSED FOR IT.

MRS. NEATWAX.—George William Neatwax! What *are* you about?

MR. NEATWAX.—My dear, don't agitate yourself. I got this rubber rain rig to go with the new fountain pen you gave me.

TO HELEN'S HAIR.

TO YOUR black locks, I humbly crave
This little ode to write;
I hope they still will hold me slave
When Time has dyed them white.
It 's quite the thing for locks to hold, —
At least till one gets bail, —
Perhaps some day you 'll turn them gold
And let me out of jail.

G. H. S.

MORTALITY.

"YOU seem to have a pretty large cemetery here, my friend."

"Wul, yeah."

"What causes most of the deaths, if I may ask?"

"Wul, liver complaint, mostly."

"No!"

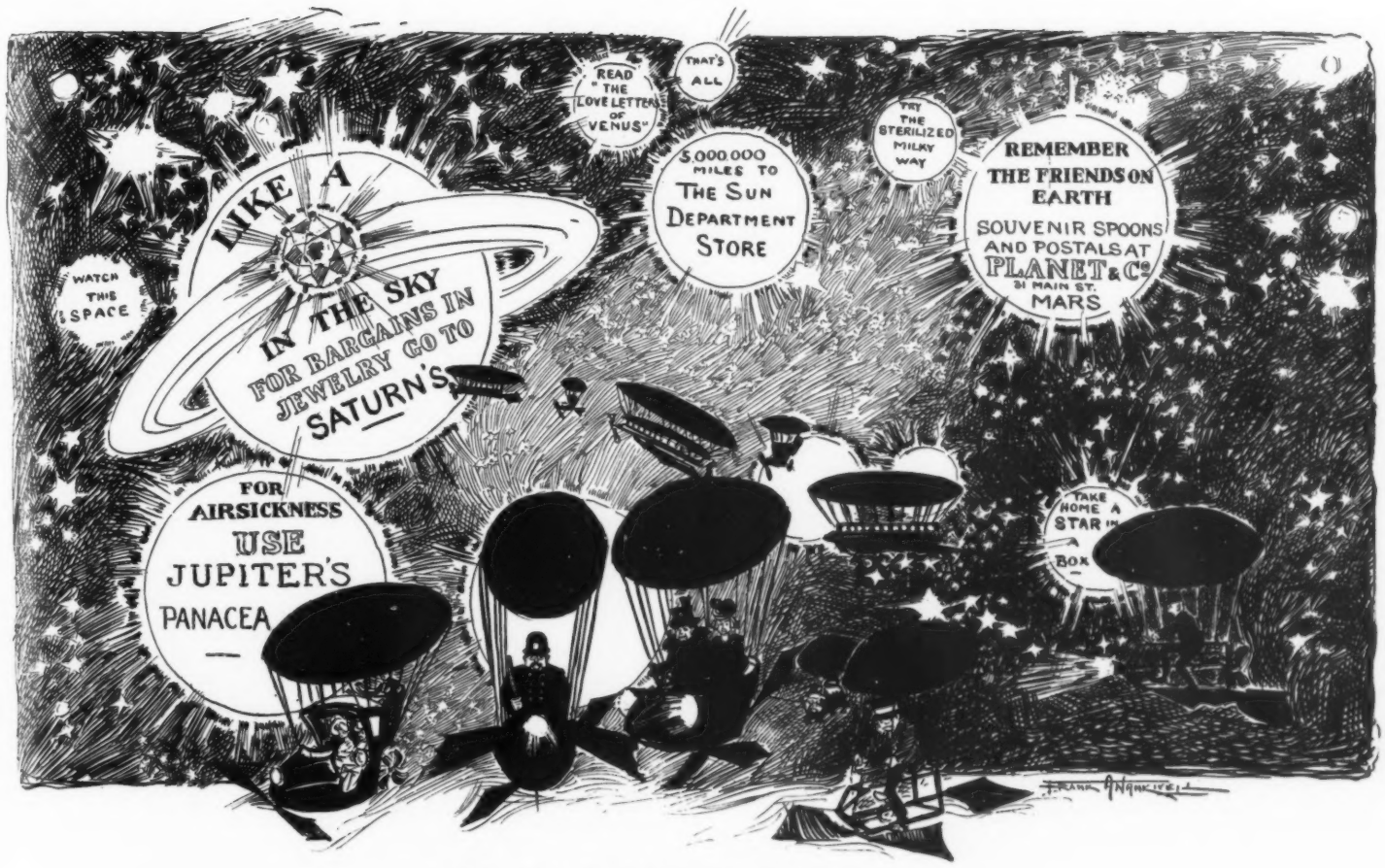
"Yeah. A feller with a white liver ain't noways likely to last long in this gulch, stranger."

UNCONSCIOUSNESS.

"SHE 's the most unconscious girl I ever saw."

"Well, why shouldn't she be? She 's pretty and knows it; she 's clever and knows it, and she 's good and knows it. What has she to be conscious of?"

There are a good many people who would throw down a gauntlet if they were quite sure it would not be picked up.



SOME ADS. OUR DESCENDANTS WILL SEE.

GOLF AND CHURCH.

It is a great question as to whether we should permit the practice of going to church to interfere with our golf. Sometimes a succession of rainy Sundays, during which a man has relapsed into the religion of his mother's knee, has broken up his game for weeks and interfered with his season's record.

This should not properly be laid altogether to the door of Providence. For how was Providence to be sure of the fact that just because she provided a rainy day the man would take a disadvantage of it and go to church.

We believe, however, that a man can really play a better game of golf by going to church occasionally, if he does the right thing, and at least we can recommend this as worth trying, to those who find that their game is falling off. We appreciate the fact, of course, that going to church should be only used with care. But much benefit can be obtained with proper precautions.

The truth is — and we are coming to realize it more and more — that sport, in its most skillful application, is a mental affair. The man who thinks out his game beforehand, and then applies himself in actual practice, to carry out what he has mentally evolved, is the man who will win.

We have never yet discovered a better place to do this than in church. There are occasionally sermons of course with originality enough in them to keep our minds off the game for a short period. But, generally speaking, we are practically save in this respect. We can think out a foursome right through the average sermon, without moving up.

The best way, immediately on entering the church, is to get firmly fixed in your mind the location of every hazard and strip of water. By the time the opening hymn is sung, you will have the ball well in hand.

Drive off with the text. And then see how few strokes you can go around in before the sermon is over. Remember, if you slice the ball at any time, or foozle, it will be because you have allowed the sermon to interfere with your play. It is splendid practice. For you will find that if you can once go through a game without ever thinking of the sermon at all, your actual play will be immensely improved.

Do this, say once a month on rainy days; and when at the end of the season you have made yourself a scratch man, you will see what going to church has really done for you.

METROPOLITAN WAYS.

Visiting Salesman. — Pretty slow town, this.

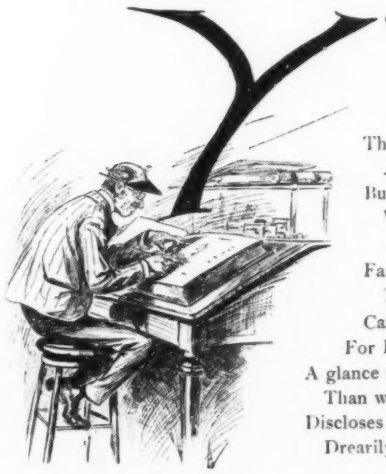
Resident (*of Bridgewater*). — Oh, not so durn slow; — the Carnegie lib'ry is suin' it fer non-support!

CONSOLING.

THE TRUE ARTIST.—Ah, the heedless folly of those who say that genius is but a capacity for work.
THE LOYAL FRIEND.—Cheer up, old chap! No one will ever say that *yours* is that sort of genius.

WANTED — A SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS.

[*Andrew Carnegie is of opinion that universities unfit a man for Business.*]



You may speak wisely, Andy, dear.
You know the game. Perhaps 't is truth,
A university career
For Business quite unfits a youth.
This may not square with time-worn views
About the functions of a college;
But in the light of recent news
We must admit your deeper knowledge.

Fashioned upon its present plan,
The modern university
Can scarcely hope to fit a man
For Business with a big, big B.
A glance through its curriculum,
Than which there 's nothing more prosaic,
Discloses that it has become
Drearily, hopelessly archaic.

Philosophy will not, you know,
Help one to take in Business tricks;
Ethics, alas! unfits one so
For robbing widows and their chicks
Such studies for the cloistered few
May hold a singular allurance;
But what the deuce have they to do
With, for example, Life Insurance?

A university career
Would have unfitted Captain Kidd;
No academic buccaneer
Could have achieved the things he did.
Jack Sheppard was not college bred,
Turpin was shy on education,
And other financiers, now dead,
Famed in their day and generation.

Readers of Dickens will recall
The School Professor Fagin kept,
In which the students, one and all,
At picking pockets grew adept.
A college fashioned on the plan
Of Fagin's school might come in handy.
Perhaps 't would not unfit a man
For Business. How about it, Andy?

B. L. T.

IN CHICAGO.

HIGHWAYMAN.—Your money or your life, Mister!
NATIVE.—But *you* are not the fellow who usually robs me at this corner.
HIGHWAYMAN.—No, but it 's all right; I 've bought his route.

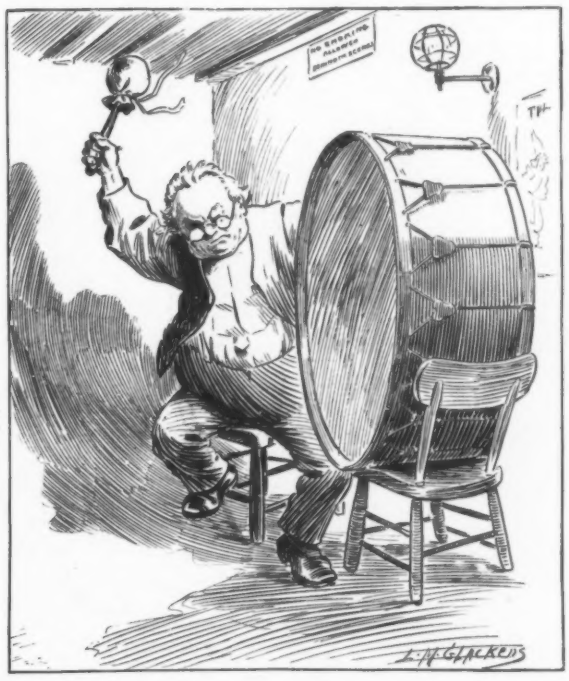
THE DIVISION LATER.

INSURANCE AGENT.—The company I represent has undivided profits of more than $10,000,000.

THE WARY ONE.—Directors waiting for the clouds to roll by, eh?

SOLVED.

YANKEE DOODLE stuck a feather in his cap and called it Macaroni.
"To catch the Italian vote," exclaimed the wiseacres.
Therein he distinctly stole a march on Tammany.



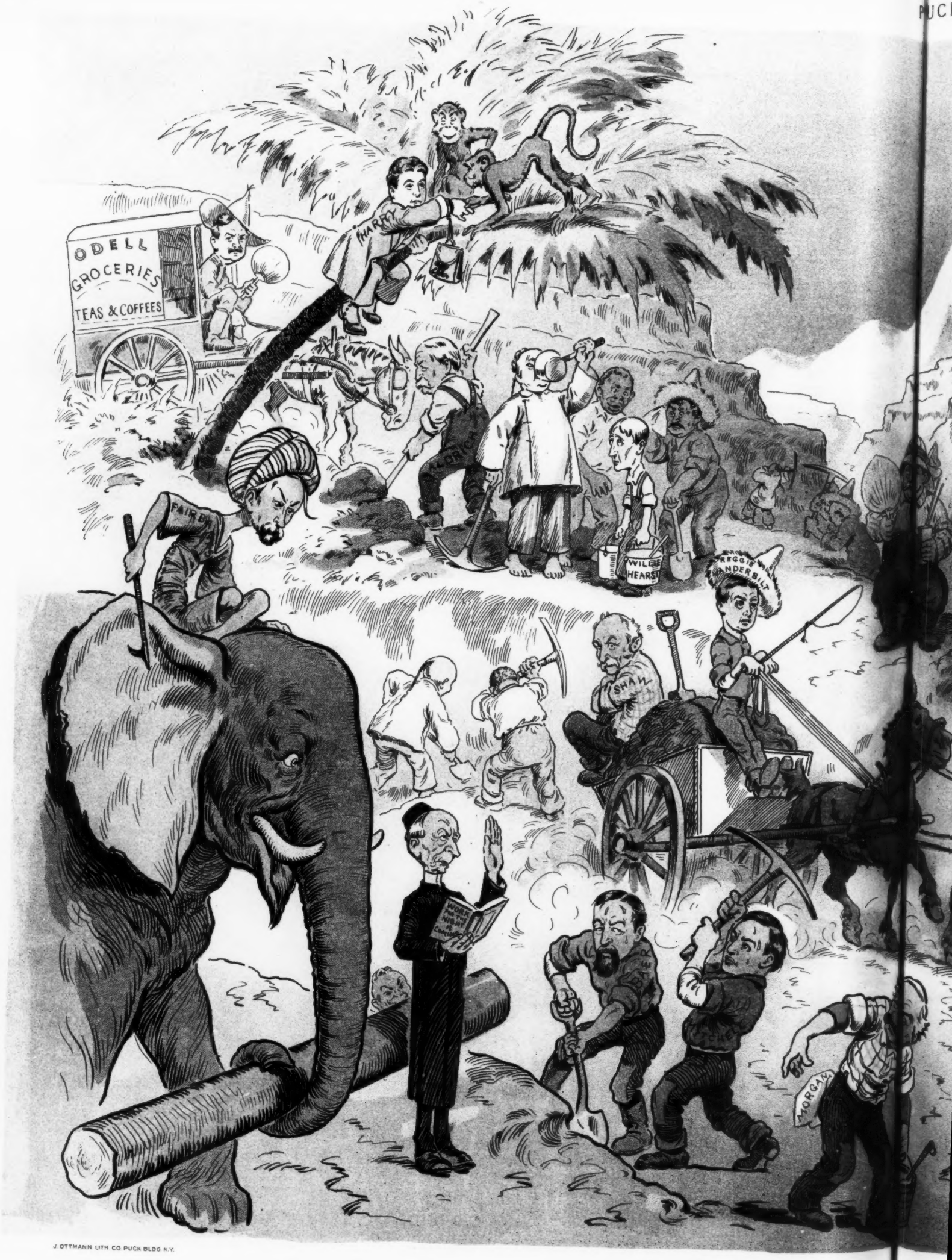
THE GOOD OLD CIVIL WAR PLAY.

I.

THE SOUTHERN HEROINE.—Oh, those dreadful guns! They are beginning again on the Ridge! I shall go *mad!*

II.

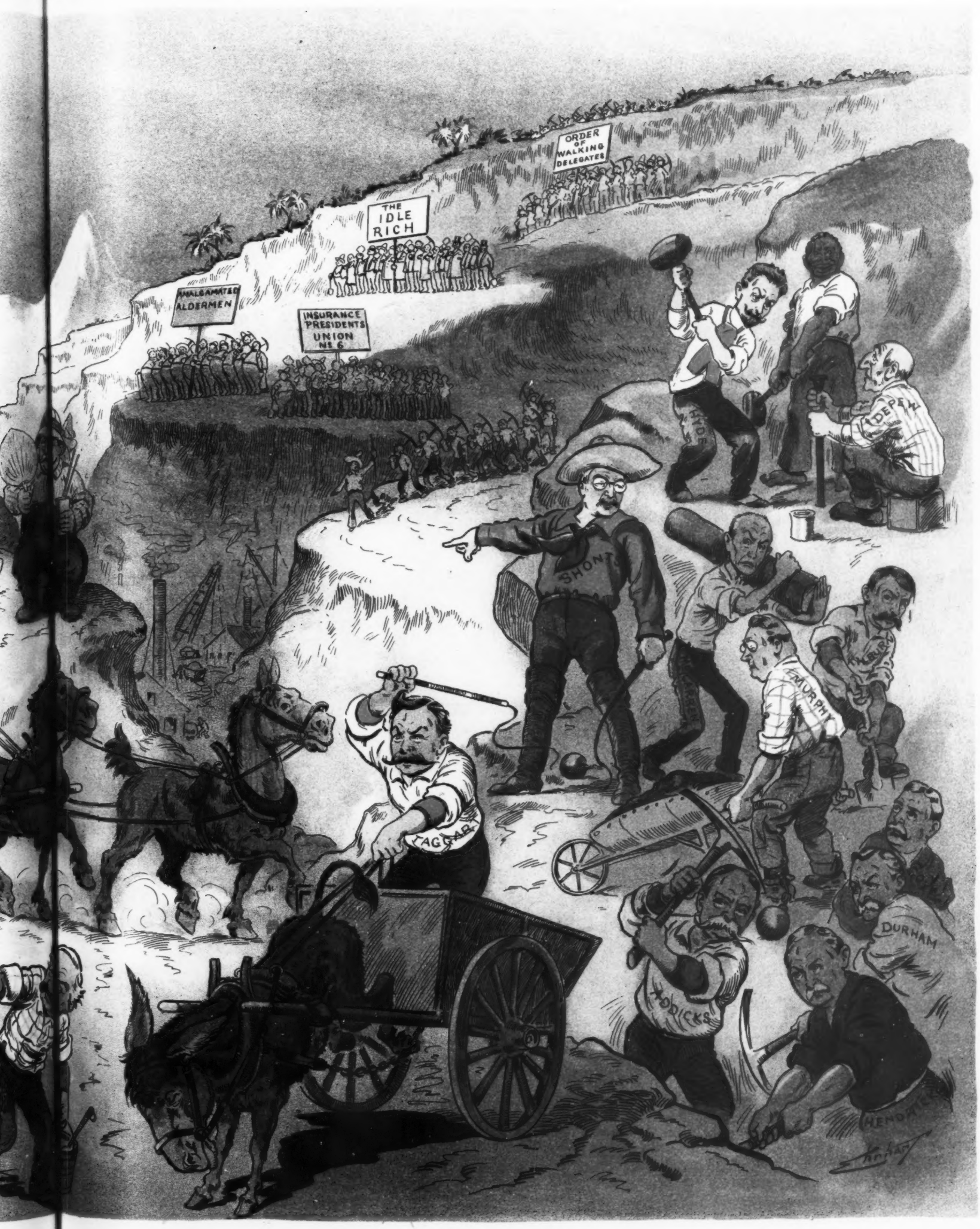
THOSE DREADFUL GUNS.



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

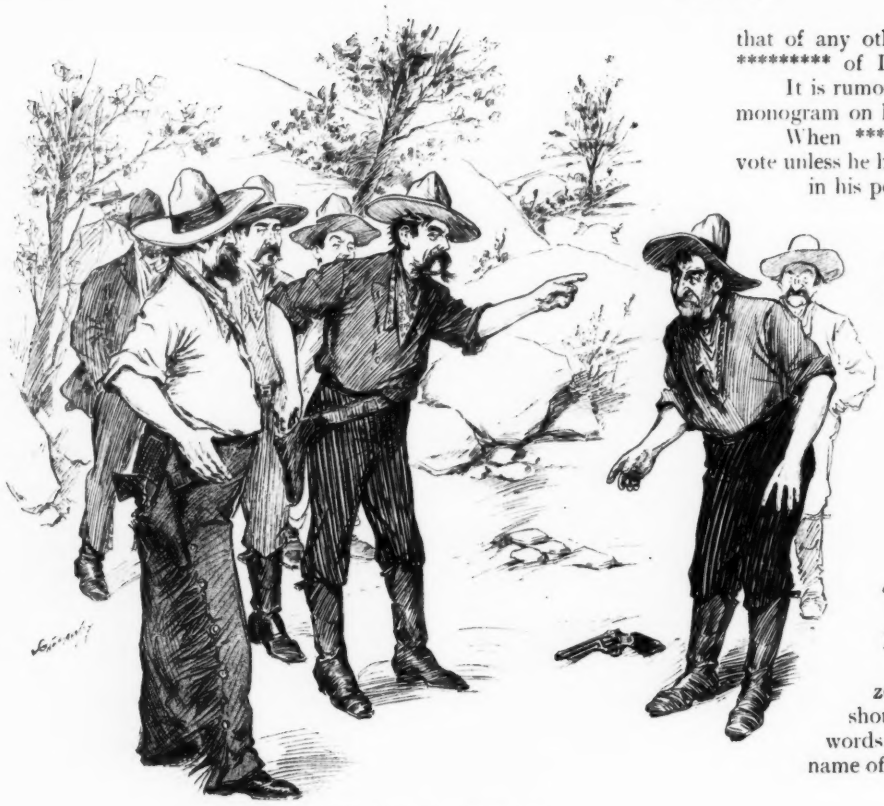
SIMPLE SOLUTION OF THE PAN

LET OUR SUPERFLU CITIZENS



OF THE PANAMA LABOR PROBLEM.

UR SUPERFLUOUS CITIZENS DO THE WORK.



TEMPERED WITH MERCY.

NIOBRARY JAKE *(leader of vigilantes)*.— Greaser Pete, yer 'n ornery, sneakin' hoss thief 'nd don't d'sarve no marcy whatsumever; but th' boys 've decided t' give ye a ch'ice atwix' suicide and a vi-*o*-lent death. Now, w'ich d' ye p'fer?

that of any other public man, with the possible exception of Mr. ********* of Indiana.

It is rumored in the smart set that ***** **** has a new gold monogram on his wristbag.

When ****** runs for Mayor, no citizen will be permitted to vote unless he has a copy of the latest edition of the *Evening Journal* in his pocket.

A LUCKY CIRCUMSTANCE.

FIRST INSURANCE FINANCIER *(after testifying, nervously)*.— How did I acquit myself?

SECOND INSURANCE FINANCIER *(fiercely)*.— There was no jury!

PRESERVES.

MOTHER 's putting up preserves;
Father 's awful sore,
For it gets on father's nerves
To put up, *with* and *for*.

HIS NOTION.

"I AM from Bryn Mawr," a trifle self-sufficiently said a tourist. "Of course, you have heard of Bryn Mawr?"

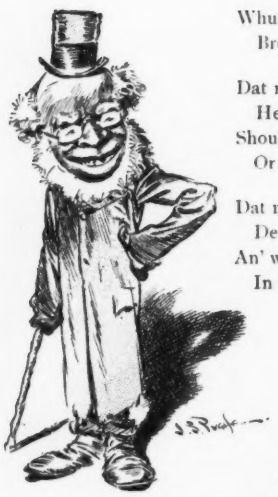
"Well, by George!" ejaculated a prominent citizen of Oklahoma. "So that 's a place, is it? That 's shorely news to me, Podner! I remember readin' them words som'ers, but I always sorter thought they was the name of a throat disease of some kind."

NOT A STICKLER.

WILLIE.— In what month were you born, Miss Runnaboute?

MISS RUNNABOUTE.— It makes no difference, dear boy,— the appropriate stone is the diamond.

THE PARSON'S DILEMMA.



NOW, why dat nigger grinnin'?
Harcome he roll him eye?—
Whut dat Ah smell er cookin'?—
Bress Gord — hit 's chicken pie!

Dat nigger *stole* dat chicken—
He neber owned a hen,
Shoul' Ah pass on de yuther side,
Or holy counsel len'?

Dat nigger 's poo' an' weary,
Des weighted down wid sin—
An' who gwine ax de blessin'
In case Ah *don'* go in?

Emmett Campbell Hall.

MISSING WORD CONTEST.

PUCK will award a prize of a large Ben Davis apple to the reader who sends in the first correct list of the names omitted below. Returns must reach this office before July 17, 1908.

The first missing name is DeKoven. Guess the rest and win an apple for the loved ones at home:

Mr. ********'* music is decidedly reminiscent.

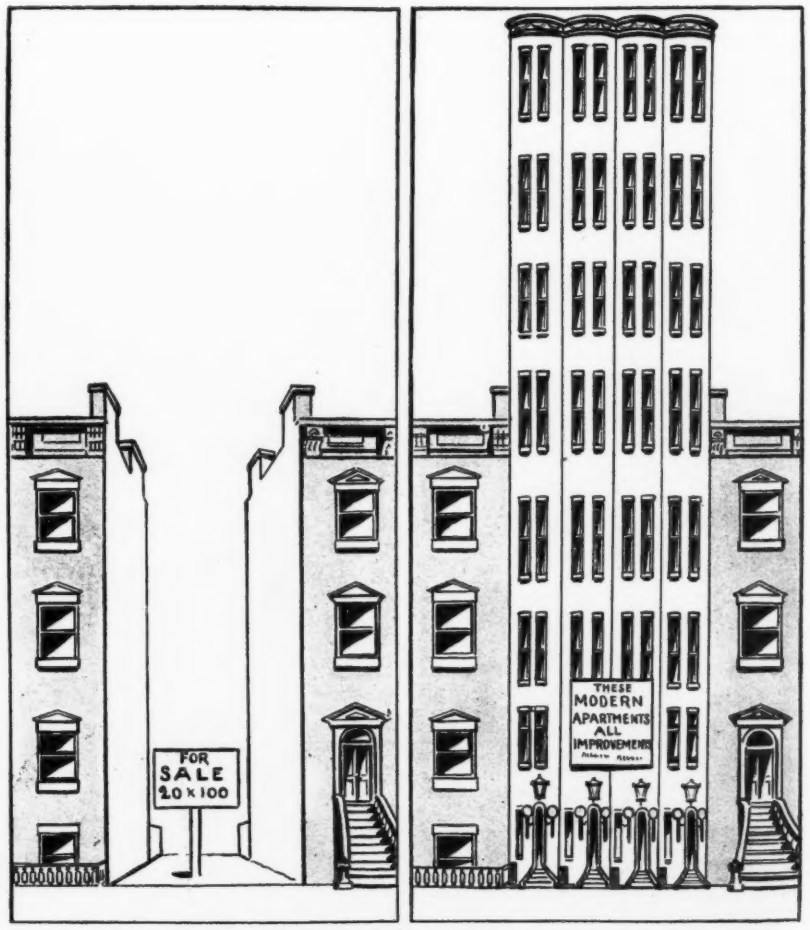
The smoothest grafter in America is ******** *. *****. And he is almost the biggest hypocrite.

The biggest hypocrite is **** *. **********. And the worst of it is there are two of him.

We don't mind saying that we have heard better bear stories than President *********'*.

Piracy seems to run in the ****** family. But the Spanish Main ****** was n't a marker to his Wall Street namesake.

Secretary ****'* capacity for giving us a pain exceeds



OUR ENTERPRISING FLAT BUILDERS.

BEFORE BUILDING. AFTER BUILDING.

Duty may become a pleasure, but jury duty seldom shows any weakness in that direction.

THE AD. MAN IN LITERATURE.

THE growth of advertising as a science has been so remarkable of recent years that apparently it is only a question of time until it invades our literature—not merely in the back pages of books and magazines, but in the subject matter. Think of the combined possibilities of combined advertising and literature in a novel. A reader will pick up a popular book of the day and read something as follows:

"The ormulu clock, one of the fancy onyx designs sold by Holdsmith & Bros., at $47.50, chimed a silvery note from the marble mantelpiece, the work of Stone & Stone, in the prettily decorated flat, six rooms, steam heat and janitor service free, of Gladys de Peysterbilt.

"Gladys gave an impatient touch to her hair, which had been dressed by Madame Butte, the popular beauty doctor, and there was a petulant curl to her lip as she looked in the mirror, which was of the best French plate, furnished by Glassell & Son. Gladys was tall, her height being accentuated by a pair of Fittem's graceful high-heeled shoes, but her figure was perfectly formed, showing to advantage the fine lines of Snuggem & Co.'s latest model corset. Hardly had Gladys smoothed her waist, which was a fancifully decorated silk creation from Lurem's popular dress goods house, when the sound of one of Speedem & Co.'s finest automobiles was heard outside. A moment later and Albert Newport entered. He was clad in the height of fashion, from Toppem & Bros.' finest make of silk hat to Pinchem & Co.'s imported shoes. In his hand he carried a large bunch of American Beauty roses, from Soakem's greenhouses. These he flung at Gladys' feet, and then knelt on the rich carpet, which was from Tackem's household emporium. With a smile that proved she used Dr. Scrubem's tooth paste, the fair Gladys—"

But enough has been quoted to show the possibilities of this new school of literature. Story writing will indeed be an art regained when the advertising man takes the reins of the literary bandwagon.

A. C.

CORRECTED.

"CONSTANT READER" has his say
In the papers every day.
He would show discernment fine
If he 'd change his name and sign
"CONSTANT WRITER."

MODERN INFLUENCE.

"THE INFLUENCE of these modern golf girls," said old Farmer Cornhusk, "spells ruin—downright ruin. Take my darter Sal for a sample. Sal 's got a-holt o' sech gol-durn fancy golf notions that, by jinks, it 's all I can do any more to git her out o' bed by 5 in the mornin'. Along o' that, it 's nigh on to impossible to make her milk the cows and feed the pigs and chickens 'fore breakfast, an' last week she actually kicked 'cause I told her to clean the stable. It 's all these tarnal golf girl notions. Sal 'll be raisin' thunder next if I don't let her quit work sharp at sundown."

GETTING THE BOUNCE.

A NATURAL CONJECTURE.

HOGAN.—Bedad, accordin' t' all rayports, Jawn D. Rockyfeller do be sheddin' an occasional tear av late.

LOGAN.—Phwat th' divil is he cryin' fer now—th' moon?

A CINCH.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

The Peerless Seasoning

Even a football player lacks appetite before an ill-flavored dish. Why spoil good food with bad seasoning when at the nearest grocer's a delicate sauce may be found which gives millions satisfaction? **LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE** has stood the test for more than seventy years.

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York.

MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER After Shaving.

Insist that your barber use Mennen's Toilet Powder after he shaves you. It is Antiseptic, and will prevent any of the skin diseases often contracted. A positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn, and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. Get Mennen's—the original. Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. *Sample free.*

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

WILSON WHISKEY

THAT'S ALL!

HOW THEY ARE CAUGHT.

"Do you really believe that one can catch germs from a telephone?" asked the young man who had been reading bacteriology.

"Oh, yes," replied the telephone girl with a smile; "there are germs in kisses, you know."

"What has that to do with telephones?"

"Why, I often hear kisses going through telephones."—*Chicago Daily News.*

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

"Can you sew?" he asked anxiously.

"So, so," she responded indifferently.

"As you sew, so will you rip," he quoted.

"Let 'er rip," she retorted with a cool society air. "I can sow grain."

"Sow can I," and immediately two hearts beat as one.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

THE Press humorists will hold a convention in Philadelphia next year. They want to study Pennypacker at close range.—*Washington Post.*

EQUITABLE: An ironical term meaning, you can fool some of the people all the time.—*The Philistine.*

SURPRISE at the size of the salaries of the presidents of life insurance companies is succeeded by wonder that they did not take more when they had the chance.—*Washington Post.*

High Mark

When perfection is reached the highest mark is touched.

Hunter Whiskey

is perfect in

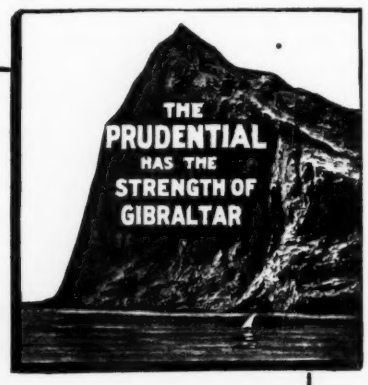
Age, Purity, Flavor.

Its standard of quality is unique, uniform, invariable. It is always best by every test.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers. WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

TREAT everyone as though you expected him to some day be your enemy.—*Weekly Globe.*

An Annual Income Guaranteed



for yourself, wife, children or other beneficiary, for a number of years, or life, through the instalment feature of The Prudential's Endowment Policies. You can assure yourself or beneficiary of a regular, stated amount to be paid every year by the Company and increased by annual dividends.

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THE MAID.—They're always talking about making football a more open game, and yet—

THE MAN.—Yes?

THE MAID.—And yet they keep on having those horrid secret signals.

The day after, you need Abbott's Angostura Bitters. Braces the nerves; sustains you throughout the day, and makes you feel bright and cheerful. At druggists.

I am John Mackintosh the Toffee King

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A CANDY, originated in YORKSHIRE, England. Made from pure butter, cream and sugar, and other good things. The purest candy made. Not a butter-scotch, or a chewing candy—but a delicious old English sweetmeat, that every one will enjoy.

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The superiority of Wool for underwear is an accepted principle of modern hygiene. **"Jaeger"** is warranted all wool, of finest fibre and softest weave. This explains its agreeable feel and healthy action on the skin. And *this* is why physicians endorse it.

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ALWAYS EASY

TELL a man he has a pretty diamond and he will say it needs cleaning very badly.—*Weekly Globe.*

THE SENSITIVE AUTHOR.

"How much of my book have you read?"

"Well, the fact is, I 've put it aside for a rainy day."

"I suppose that 's an insinuation that the story is dry. Good day, sir."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

SCHNAPPS.

THE PARENT.—Stayed away from school, eh, thou lazy lout! Come with me, for verily, I have tasks set for thee to do which will make those of school seem like Holland Schnapps.

If you need a bracer in the morning try a glass of soda and a little of Abbott's Angostura Bitters. You'll be surprised how it will brighten you up.

AN UNRECOGNIZED FACTOR.

"Our company," said the life insurance agent, "is one of the richest in the world."

"Yes," answered the policy holder, "and I 'm one of the people who helped make it so."—*Washington Star.*

JUST A THOUGHT.

When a girl throws herself at the feet of a young man she must not complain if she is walked on afterwards.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"I WAS right about it," a man said to-day, "but I apologize."—*Weekly Globe.*

IT is considerably easier for the average woman to land a husband than it is for the average man to land a three-pound trout.—*Somerville Journal.*

THE AMBITIOUS OYSTER.

The oyster in his narrow bed
Complained about his lot.
"I fain would see the world," he said,
"And leave this humble spot.
I 've heard of places where the lights
Are burned till 1 a. m.
By people out to view the sights.
I would I were with them."

He had his wish. They lifted him
Up from his briny lair.
He saw the lights — then all grew dim —
They served him up with care.
And as his shell from him they tore
These words — his last — he spoke:
"I would that I were back once more
In dear old Pocomoke!"

Oh youth, with vague ambitions fired,
Despise not simple joy.
The things which most you have desired
Once gained, may most annoy.
Your fate you cannot well foresee,
Some are — the favored few —
The epicures. And some must be
The oysters in the stew.

—*Washington Star.*

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For Christmas Presents.

Why give a cheap ordinary Present, when, with five or ten dollars for first payment you can give a beautiful Diamond Ring or High Grade Watch? The **Famous Loftis System** enables you to do this. Write for details. **Our Big Christmas Catalogue** is a veritable Gold Mine of beautiful Christmas Gift Suggestions, with its aid you can select appropriate Presents for both young and old, 1000 handsome illustrations. *Write today for a copy. Don't delay, write today.*

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could ever attempt to describe its delights."

Why?
The Tobaccos are all aged; thoroughly seasoned.
Age improves flavor; adds mildness; prevents biting.
In the blending, seven countries, from Latakia to America, are called upon.
Made since 1876.
Surbrug's "Arcadia" is in a class by itself — nothing so rich in flavor — so exhilarating in quality. A mild stimulant.
The Delight, The Pleasure when it dawns on you will be lasting.

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NESTOR

(NESTOR GIANACLIS, CAIRO)

CIGARETTES

TO BE MADE IN AMERICA

The famous "Nestor" Gianaclis Cigarette, which has been acknowledged the leader of Egyptian Cigarettes the world over, will, from next month, be made in Boston.

Mr. Nestor Gianaclis, himself, has arrived in that city from Cairo.

A factory has been engaged containing 30,000 square feet of floor space.

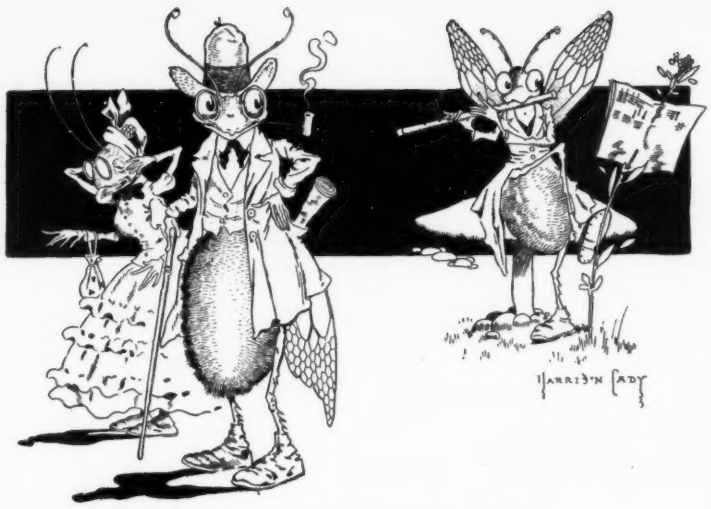
There has already arrived undoubtedly one of the largest single shipments of Turkish Tobacco that has ever come to America. This consists of more than 1,000 bales imported direct from Cavalla.

This is the point where Mr. Nestor Gianaclis stores, and from which he ships, all of his high-grade Turkish Tobaccos to his factory in Cairo, Egypt.

Mr. Gianaclis, himself, will examine every bale of this tobacco, and give his expert attention to the grading, blending and manufacture of it.

Smokers of Egyptian Cigarettes who want the genuine article, and to whom the word "Nestor" has always been synonymous with the best that there is in the cigarette line, will now be enabled to have the opportunity of buying genuine **"Nestors" exactly as they have always been made in Cairo, Egypt, at 25 cents a package, instead of the old price of 40 or 45 cents,** which made this most desirable cigarette almost prohibitive to many smokers.

Nestor Gianaclis Co. ... Boston, Mass.



THE MUSIC OF THE INSECTS.

MOTHER BUGGE.—Father, I 'm sorter sorry our boy took up flute playing.

FATHER BUGGE.—So 'm I, b'gosh! I 'd a heap sight rather he 'd studied to be a cricket.

A PUP looks so mild and innocent that we hope it will turn out better than others of its kind; but it always turns out a dog.—*Atchison Globe.*

IT WILL be noted that no typhoon had the presumption to do things to Manilla while Secretary Taft was there.—*Chicago Daily News.*

PRESIDENT McCURDY is said to receive only $150.000 a year in salary, but then it must be remembered he is an old man and unable to do much work.—*Brooklyn Daily Eagle.*

ITS QUALITY UNEQUALED EXCELLENCE UNSURPASSED

ITS QUALITY UNEQUALED EXCELLENCE UNSURPASSED

LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

THIS FAMOUS CORDIAL, NOW MADE AT TARRAGONA, SPAIN, WAS FOR CENTURIES DISTILLED BY THE CARTHUSIAN MONKS (PÈRES CHARTREUX) AT THE MONASTERY OF LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE, FRANCE, AND KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AS CHARTREUSE. THE ABOVE CUT REPRESENTS THE BOTTLE AND LABEL EMPLOYED IN THE PUTTING UP OF THE ARTICLE SINCE THE MONKS' EXPULSION FROM FRANCE, AND IT IS NOW KNOWN AS **LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX** (THE MONKS, HOWEVER, STILL RETAIN THE RIGHT TO USE THE OLD BOTTLE AND LABEL AS WELL), DISTILLED BY THE SAME ORDER OF MONKS WHO HAVE SECURELY GUARDED THE SECRET OF ITS MANUFACTURE FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS AND WHO ALONE POSSESS A KNOWLEDGE OF THE ELEMENTS OF THIS DELICIOUS NECTAR.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés. Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N.Y., Sole Agents for United States.

FROST will put a stop to yellow fever in New Orleans and to the gambling microbe on Lake Michigan.—*Chicago Daily News.*

THE Albany legislature is doing its best to look perfectly innocent while the insurance investigation goes on.—*Washington Star.*

ANOTHER SEPARATION.

"Mercy, but I 've made an awful blunder."

"What is it?"

"Why, I 've just discovered that our Swede cook is a Norwegian."

"Well?"

"Well, before I found out my mistake I told her that Norway was all wrong in leaving Sweden. Do you hear that noise upstairs? That 's she—and she 's packing up."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Evans' Ale

Produces {Lasting Strength}
Promotes {Good Digestion}
Insures {Healthy Appetite}

Not merely a Stimulant but a Food.

To prove the excellence of COOK'S CHAMPAGNE Imperial Extra dry try a bottle. Sick people drink it as an invigorator; well people as a tonic. Quality and purity make it the favorite Champagne.

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FOR MEN OF BRAINS
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—MADE AT KEY WEST—

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SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

THE RUNAWAY BROWNS

Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile.—*N., P. & S. Bulletin.*

MADE IN FRANCE

Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MORE SHORT SIXES

You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny."—*Boston Times.*

THE SUBURBAN SAGE

Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood.—*Boston Times.*

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A Serious Loss.

"I see that the mayor of Madison, Wis., has ordered the police to shoot college students who do not behave themselves."

"I don't think that 's at all right. One of those careless policemen might shoot a valuable football player by mistake.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Where She Excels.

Redd.—Why, he says his motor boat is the best on earth.

Greene.—That may be. She does n't seem to be much good on water.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

It is said that there are 6,000,000 life insurance policyholders in this country. And most of them have n't a word to say.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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Tabasco Sauce

Adds tastiness to food, encourages the appetite, and promotes digestion. But be sure it's McIlhenny's, the original, in use half a century. A stimulating seasoning for Soups, Sauces, Salads, Gravies, Oysters, Clams, Fish, Roasts, etc.

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THE MODERN VARIETY.

Grace.—Whatever did George mean by saying that he was attended by a hand maiden?

Bess.—Probably that a manicurist pays him a weekly visit.

He Wanted to Know.

"You are, I take it," said the interviewer, "a self-made man. Your fortune is the product of your handicraft."

"Pardon me," said Senator Sorghum, placing his hand behind his ear, "did you say 'handicraft' or handy graft?"—*Washington Star.*

A Desired Change.

"How would you like to hear your children crying for bread, sir?" importuned the beggar.

"I 'd welcome the change," said the man, hurrying on; "they 're forever crying for candy now!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

President Castro also appears to have had some experience with tainted money.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Pabst Blue Ribbon

The Beer of Quality

Produces strength, like any good food.

SHORT SIXES;

Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns.

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This "historical" account of certain of the adventures of Huevos Pasada Par Agua, Marquis of Pollio Grille, and Count of Pate de Foie Gras, is a clever and amusing burlesque on the novel of histrio-adventure. We consider it strange it has not been done before, but it is certainly well done now.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Monsieur D'En Brochette," is a capital travesty of the romances of the sword by American imitators of Alexandre Dumas which have been so numerous and popular in the last few years. The satire is keen and even the victims cannot fail to admire the skill with which the sharp thrusts are given.
—*The Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

The adventures which Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Marquis of Pollio Grille, Count of Pate de Foie Gras, and Much Else Besides, succeeds in crowding into the short space of forty-eight hours are astounding.
—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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Explained.

Mrs. Housekeep.—You 're a big healthy man; why don't you go to work?

Weary Walker.—Lady, I 'll tell yer me trouble. I 'm an 'unhappy medium.'

Mrs. Housekeep.—What do you mean by that?

Weary Walker.—Well, yer see, I 'm too heavy fur light work an' too light for heavy work.—*Cath. Standard and Times.*

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It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

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lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 395 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

A Severe Blow.

"The disappearance of the lobster is going to be a severe blow to the members of at least two professions."

"What are they?"

"Physicians and humorists."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Mr. Rockefeller says that there are things more satisfying than amassing wealth. This should be considered expert testimony.—*Washington Daily News.*

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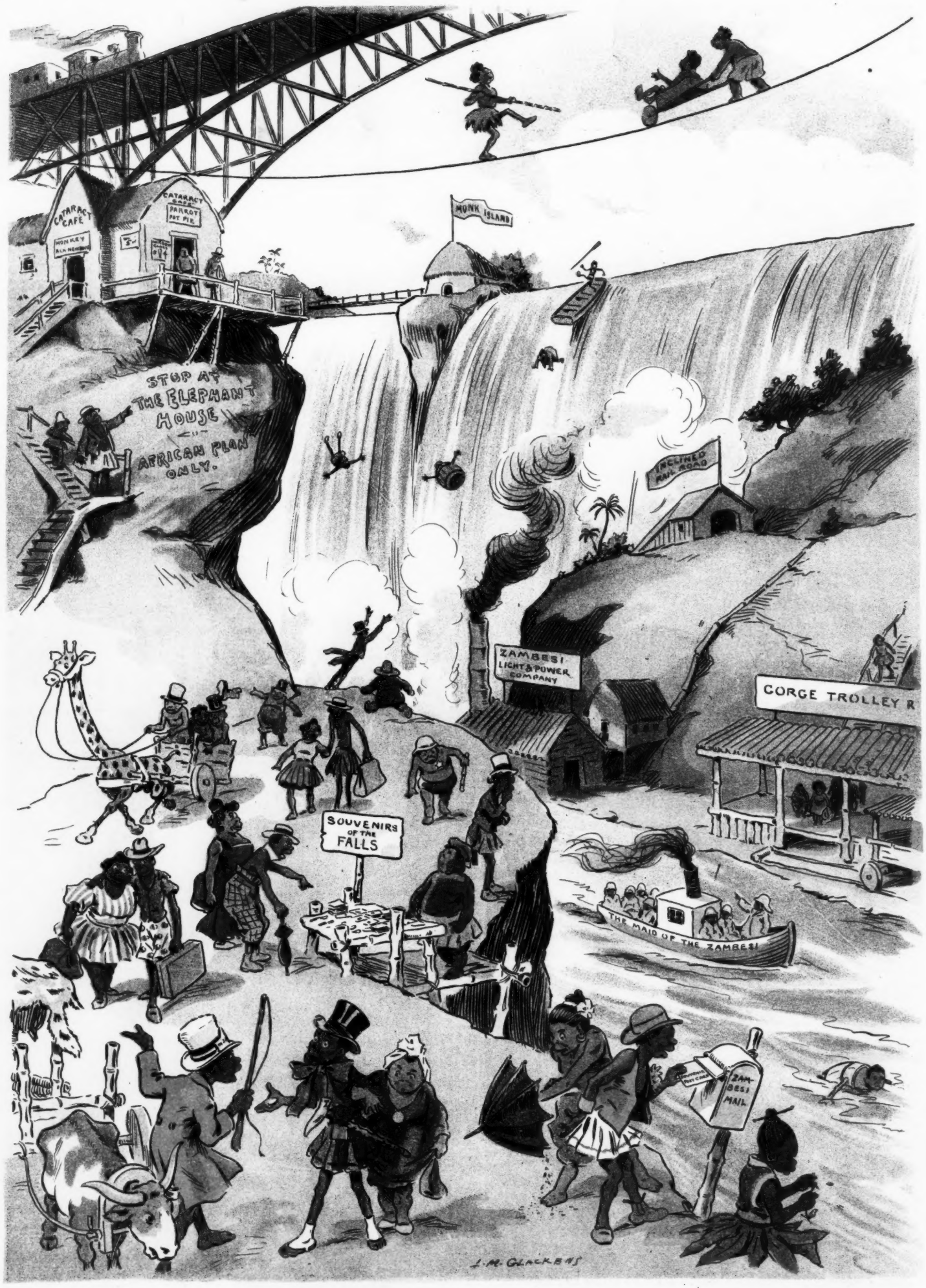

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